

Anti-Philosophy of the Subject

Mankind's Origin Is in Its Fellows

For oboe quartet

[OBOE]

Pilar Miralles – 2022

Commissioned by Cuarteto Emispherio

Anti-Philosophy of the Subject

Pilar Miralles (2022)

About the piece and performance

This is a piece about the Anti-Philosophy of the Subject, the fact that mankind's origin is in its fellows. The quality of a human being is only endowed to those capable of putting their fellows above any other component of the organized society such as the economic organization and interest.

The piece features two performative moments where the audience is involved other than through the listening process. These two excerpts might be approached with a proper attitude for an effective interpretation of the piece:

- Spoken passage (mm. 86-103): the oboe player may leave the instrument in order to focus on the reciting. The text is written on the score according to its position against the strings' material. A suggested rhythm is notated on a percussion staff, but the reciting should be calm and natural; thus, the string players should follow a flexible tempo to accompany the voice. A cue staff is provided in each separate part containing the speech of the oboe for synchronization reasons. The text should be read with clear and calm voice, adding the necessary fluctuations in rhythm and character as felt by the performer in concordance with the meaning of the text.

At m. 102, a chord is hold by the strings while the oboe player recites the penultimate strophe of the poem. At m. 103, the string players will join the speech all together, while maintaining the chord and progressively increasing the dynamic up to the fortissimo of the next section at m. 104. The oboe player will take back the oboe at m. 104 and prepare to play again in the next bar. Further information about the text is to be found in next page.

- Holding hands passage (m. 127 up to the very end): after the fermata at m. 126, the oboe, viola and cello players are invited to conclude the piece performatively. They may leave the instruments and stage behind, and head to the audience. The violin player would stay on stage playing the last solo passage up to the very end of the piece. Each player off-stage may choose a row of the audience and invite the person at the end of the row to hold their hand, encouraging the rest of the listeners to follow the same action and build a chain of holding hands to be maintained until the very end of the piece.

The objective of this performative part is to promote a communal "non-religious" praying-like attitude for the creation of a space for self-reflection or spiritual seclusion. The last chord may be held by the violin player as much as needed, and the position off-stage may be maintained as long as necessary during the very last bar of the piece, which consists of a rest.

About the *durata*

The total duration of the piece depends on several factors such as the flexible interpretation of the cello, viola and violin solo passages and the reciting of the text. The estimated (suggested) duration shouldn't be under 12 or over 15 minutes.

Miguel Hernández – Vuelo (Poemas últimos, 1939-1941)

[Flight – From *Last poems* (1939-1941)]

(Strophes in italic were not included in the piece)

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Sólo quien ama vuela. Pero ¿quién ama tanto
que sea como el pájaro más leve y fugitivo?
Hundiendo va este odio reinante todo cuanto
quisiera remontarse directamente vivo.

Amar... Pero ¿quién ama? Volar... Pero ¿quién vuela?
Conquistaré el azul ávido de plumaje,
pero el amor, abajo siempre, se desconsuela
de no encontrar las alas que da cierto coraje.

Un ser ardiente, claro de deseos, alado,
quiso ascender, tener la libertad por nido.
Quiso olvidar que el hombre se aleja encadenado.
Donde faltaban plumas puso valor y olvido.

Iba tan alto a veces, que le resplandecía
sobre la piel el cielo, bajo la piel el ave.
Ser que te confundiste con una alondra un día,
te desplomaste otros como el granizo grave.

Ya sabes que las vidas de los demás son losas
con que tapiarte: cárceles con que tragar la tuya.
Pasa, vida, entre cuerpos, entre rejas hermosas.
A través de las rejas, libre la sangre afluya.

*Triste instrumento alegre de vestir: apremiante
tubo de apetecer y respirar el fuego.
Espada devorada por el uso constante.
Cuerpo en cuyo horizonte cerrado me despliego.*

*No volarás. No puedes volar, cuerpo que vagas
por estas galerías donde el aire es mi nudo.
Por más que te debatas en ascender, naufragas.
No clamarás. El campo sigue desierto y mudo.*

*Los brazos no aletean. Son acaso una cola
que el corazón quisiera lanzar al firmamento.
La sangre se entristece de batirse sola.
Los ojos vuelven tristes de mal conocimiento.*

Cada ciudad, dormida, despierta loca, exhala
un silencio de cárcel, de sueño que arde y llueve
como un élitro ronco de no poder ser ala.
El hombre yace. El cielo se eleva. El aire mueve.

Only he who loves, flies. But who loves enough
to be like the slightest and most fugitive bird?
It goes sinking, this commanding hatred, all that
might have wanted to rise again, directly alive.

To love... But who loves? To fly... But who flies?
I will conquer the blue, eager for plumage,
but love, always beneath, is saddened
at not finding the wings that sure courage gives.

An ardent being, clear of desires, winged,
wanted to ascend, to have freedom as his nest.
He wanted to forget that men move away in chains.
Where they lacked feathers put bravery and oblivion.

Sometimes he flew so high, that the sky shone
over his skin, under his skin, the bird.
Being, you who were confused with a lark one day,
others tumbled down like severe hail.

You know already the lives of others are flagstones
to cover you: prisons to swallow yours.
Go on, life, among bodies, between beautiful bars.
Through the bars, the blood flows free.

*Sad instrument happy to be worn: urgent
tube for desiring and breathing fire.
Sword devoured by constant use.
Body in whose closed horizon I unfold.*

*You will not fly. You cannot fly, body that wanders
through these corridors where the air is my knot.
No matter how hard you struggle in ascending, you are
wrecked.
You will not cry out. The field is still deserted and mute.*

*The arms do not flutter. Perhaps just a tail
that the heart wanted to launch into the firmament.
The blood is saddened at fighting on alone.
The eyes turn saddened from knowledge of evil.*

Each city, sleeping, awakes mad, exhales
a silence of prison, of dream that burns and rains down,
like a hoarse elytron that cannot turn into a wing.
The man lies down. The sky rises. The air moves.

Source of the English translation:

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Spanish/Hernandez.php>

Revised by Pilar Miralles

Premiered on the 5th March 2023 by Cuarteto Emispherio in Seville.

Commissioned by Cuarteto Emispherio, as part of the “Interconexiones: New Oboe Quartets” project.

Many thanks to the patrons of the “Interconexiones” project: Platinum Patrons: Howarth of London and Lindsay Flowers /University of Wisconsin-Madison, Gold Patron: Lora MacPherson and Silver Patrons: Asociación de Amigos de la Real Orquesta Sinfónica de Sevilla (AAROSS), Casa Palacio de Carmona and Lenore Fishman Davis

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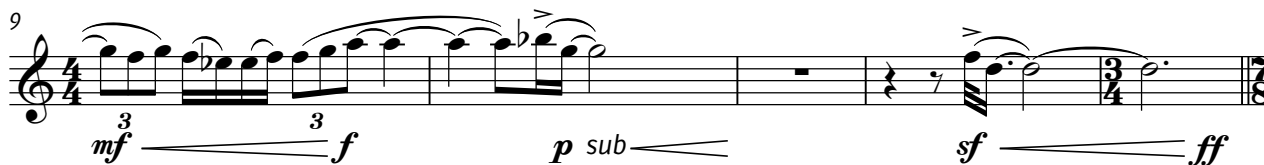
Pilar Miralles (2022)

Durata: 12-15' ca.

Libero ♩ = 63 ca.

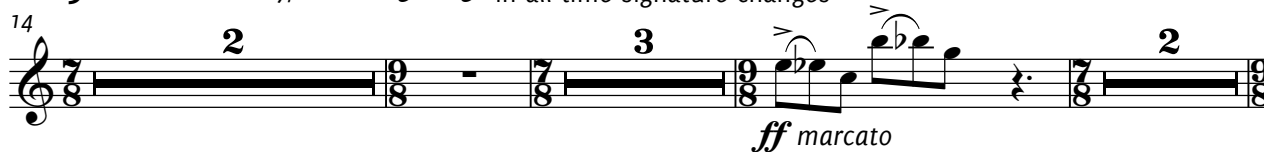
Cello fermata

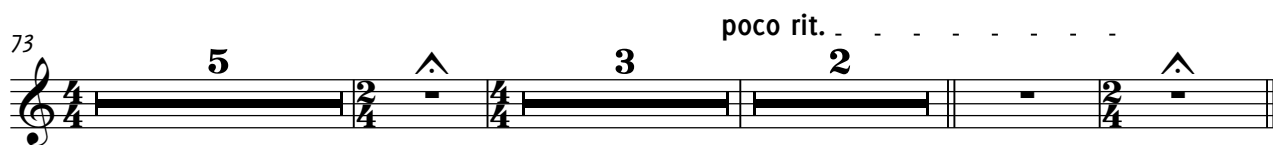
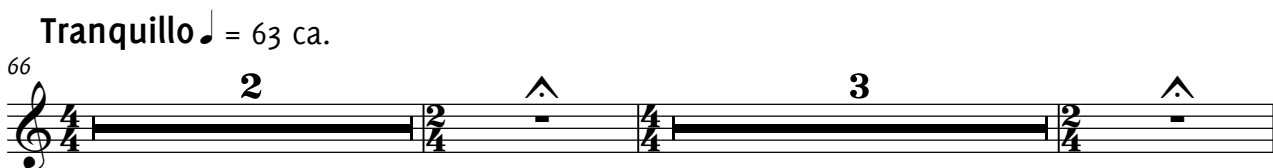
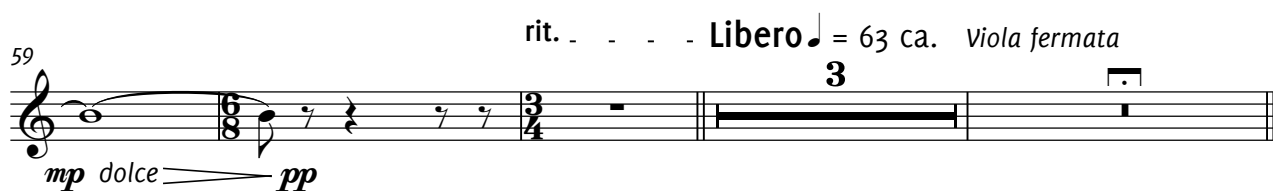
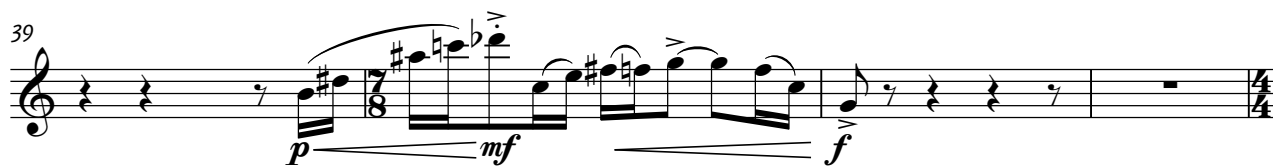
Con moto ♩ = 100



Più mosso ♩ = 84

3 + 2 + 2 in all 7/8 bars ♩ = ♩ in all time signature changes





Lento (flessibile) ♩ = 48 ca.

3

The oboe player recites the poem as indicated on the percussion staff, featuring a natural spoken rhythm despite the suggested one, and with calm and clear voice.

86

Only he who loves, flies. But who loves enough to be like the slightest and most fugitive bird? It goes sinking, this commanding hatred, all that might have wanted to rise again, directly alive.

Vn. *ppp* legato

90

To love... But who loves? To fly... But who flies? I will conquer the blue, eager for plumage,

Vn. *p* espress. *ppp* legato

93

but love, always beneath, is saddened at not finding the wings that sure courage gives. An ardent being, clear of desires, winged, wanted to ascend, to have freedom as his nest. He wanted to forget that men move away in chains.

Vn.

97

Where they lacked feathers put bravery and oblivion. Sometimes he flew so high, that the sky shone over his skin, under his skin, the bird. Being, you who were confused with a lark one day,

Vn. *espress.* *p* *ppp* legato *ppp*

101

others tumbled down
like severe hail.

You know already the lives of others are flagstones
to cover you: prisons to swallow yours.
Go on, life, among bodies, between beautiful bars.
Through the bars, the blood flows free.

Vn.

pp

All performers read the text at unison
while the strings grow within the static
chord up to the new section starting
on measure 104.

Recite with calm and clear voice, and
natural spoken rhythm

Maestoso ♩ = 66 ca.
Back to oboe *Freely*

103

Each city, sleeping, awakes mad, exhales
a silence of prison, of dream that burns and rains down,
like a hoarse elytron that cannot turn into a wing.
The man lies down. The sky rises. The air moves.

Vn.

f *ff* *espress.* *f*

107

f simile *ff*

111

f *ff*

Molto tranquillo ♩ = 60 ca.

p subito *molto dolce* *molto legato*

116

rit. - - - - -

mp *pp*

121

Lento ♩ = 48 ca.

ppp

2

Follow instructions at the sign *

Libero (lento) ♩ = 42 ca.

127 Violin fermata

Lunga

* After the hold at m. 126, the oboe, viola and cello players are invited to conclude the piece performatively. They may leave the instruments and stage behind, and head to the audience. The violin player would stay on stage playing the last solo passage up to the very end of the piece. Each player off-stage may choose a row of the audience and invite the person at the end of the row to hold their hand, encouraging the rest of the listeners to follow the same action and build a chain of holding hands to be maintained until the very end of the piece.

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